

ATTERBURY'S TILTS AT THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

Paragraphic Antidotes for Pierpont Morgan's Assertion that He and His Class "Owe the Public Nothing"

Pierpont Morgan, organizer of gluttonous capitalism, when questioned about the ruin of thousands by the recent stock gambling, said: "I owe the public nothing!" And he is right. Who built the railroads of this country? The Pierpont Morgans. And the telegraph lines? The Pierpont Morgans. And the mills and factories? The Pierpont Morgans. That's right. There used to be a fool notion in the heads of people that all these things were done by wage slaves. The most remarkable fact of our time is the diffusion of common sense. We owe everything to capitalists! "The public be d—d," said Vanderbilt. "I owe the public nothing," says Morgan. And most of this "public" stands and gapes with open mouth at the mighty achievements of these modern "producers of wealth."

How can decent folks be blamed for having a good wholesome disgust for government, when nearly every government on earth is an odious tyranny run in the interests of a minority?

Capitalists don't care which old party you run with so long as their lackeys hold the reins.

Now comes Mrs. Nancy B. Irving, a resident of an aristocratic quarter in Chicago, declaring her intention of living this summer in the ghetto—"for the improvement of Nancy B. Irving." She declares that one needs no other entertainment but life. She has lived with the people before, says she knows gamblers and thieves, "and they are often as good neighbors as ministers and deacons." This last statement plenty of us can endorse.

A machinist out of work committed suicide in San Francisco the other day, and bequeathed his body to any medical institution that would give his wife and children food for a month. Discouragement followed in the footsteps of the poor mechanic's inability to find employment. And death was the only method he had of changing a mean condition into one that, while not grand, perhaps, can at least be tolerated, though he may be unconscious of the toleration. And Pierpont Morgan owes the public nothing!

No Socialist is bound to furnish a chart in detail of the Socialistic state; one thing is certain, it will be coextensive with the general good; instead of preserving class lines, it will branch out, "as it were."

The position occupied by the opponents of Socialism is this: We understand that justice cannot be done under the present system, but if you disturb the system, we will all be ruined.

I will believe in the "blessings of poverty" when I hear the poor speak of them. For the preachers who preach at the poor and praise a spirit of mute resignation on the part of the oppressed I have no use and little respect. Rather let us have a "holy" discontent. I always liked the spirit of the young girl shirtmaker who wrote in her diary: "I thank God I am decent; but it is not the fault of some of the men I have worked for."

If you have nothing but justice on your side, you are on the losing side in this country and under the system that curses the country.

Public jobs that can be bought by the rich, belong to the rich. I can't see how you are going to prevent the rich from buying as long as you keep the shop open and "the goods" on sale. Better close up the shop, quit trading and put the goods to a right use. The rich "owe you nothing."

You can't get on, no matter how you work, eh? What's the reason? I know a whole lot of people who get on and never do any work. There's the head of the oil trust, and the head of the sugar trust, and the head of the coal trust, and the head of the meat trust—they all get on; yet you work and can't get on at all.

How much did the land cost the American colonists? How did they pay for it and what did they pay with? Who did they buy from? Where is the deed recorded? Did they pay one cent for it? If yes, where is the proof? If they didn't pay money for it, where did any-

body get the right to compel you to pay for it? What has this buying and selling of land done? Among other things, it has resulted in so densely crowding the poor in parts of New York that less than one square yard is allotted to each person if all were stood on the ground occupied by the houses they live in. If that is a fact in the history of American "growth" to be proud of, make the most of it—let the eagle scream.

A correspondent asks "why, if Socialism is a certainty of the future, write books and print papers to convince people of it?" Because the growth of ethical principles and acceptance of the ideas of social justice are slower than the growth of the mechanical instrumentalities by which Socialism in its economic phase is to be brought about.

"Do you Social Democrats want to put all the business of the country in the hands of politicians?" Well, no; we just want to abolish the politician and politics, and then let the people have their own business in their own hands. That's all. The politicians' jobs will be gone when Socialism arrives.

The foundation of some of the ancient governments, Greece for example, was slave labor; the foundation of our government is wage labor. But in the life there was something picturesque, while in our modern life there is little that is not paltry and pitiful.

Socialism contends for justice and says it is a matter of no importance to the world what becomes of the assumptions of economists, industry must and will be readjusted for the benefit of the industrious.

Socialism is a subject of criticism by every worthless loafer—and every selfish rich man—in the land.

You will have to quit trying to get your hand in some other fellow's pocket before you get the hand of monopoly out of your own.

By injustice, fraud and legalized thieving, the channels of the distribution of wealth have been diverted from their legitimate course, and the laborer cries in vain for justice. And unless the laborer will adopt Socialism, he will continue to cry. The capitalist class "owes the public nothing!"

Is there anything insane in one community supporting one great store instead of a dozen small ones? If there is, don't you see that all communities of any size show a tendency toward insanity?

The patriotic American is the man who believes in capitalists owning the government.

The most valuable legislation of the future will be enactments abolishing the legislation of the past.

Wages are measured by the greed of the capitalist and the wants and privations of the laborers. Necessity is the mother of low wages.

The reason why Uncle Sam don't engage in many enterprises that individuals get rich on is that—well, that individuals get rich on 'em.

If there are too many men to mine coal, capitalist government turns them out to starve. Socialism would find them other employment.

A machine that capitalist industry owns and uses to create misery in the world, would be used by Socialism to create sunshine and happiness.

The workingman's paradise is a condition wherein employment is always precarious and wages always lowering in proportion to amount produced.

A converted Chinaman, who retains his pigtail, is a cunning fellow. If he finds it profitable to shout for Jesus he claims that his cue has no religious significance; if for Joss, it is his passport to a seat in the ranks of the faithful heathen. The thing is purely a question of rice.

Pishermen, like the trust managers, talk of the net profits of the catch.

IN THE FAIR FUTURE
"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you,
well as die or well to live,
Through the battle, through the tangle,
peace to gain or peace to give."
Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth in the
days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt
the breadth of sea to sea,
Oft, when men and maids are merry,
ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too
short for all their mirth.
Some shall pause awhile and ponder on
the bitter days of old,
Ere the toll of strife and battle over-
threw the curse of gold;
Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover sol-
emn thoughts of us shall rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers,
then shall be the brave and wise.
—William Morris.

"I Owe the Public Nothing"

J. Pierpont Morgan, the man whose word is almost law in the commercial world of two continents and whose financial genius is bringing about the combination of the greatest industries in Europe and America, has followed the example of William H. Vanderbilt in expressing his contempt of the American public. Vanderbilt said: "The public be d—d." Morgan was interviewed in Paris Saturday. He didn't wish to discuss the panic of Blue Thursday on the New York Stock Exchange. The interviewer pleaded for a few words, saying:

"Don't you think that since you are being blamed for a panic that has ruined thousands of people and disturbed a whole nation, some statement is due the public?"

"I OWE THE PUBLIC NOTHING," Mr. Morgan retorted.

"Won't you say whether you consider yourself responsible?"

"I will say nothing."

And why should he? He and his class constitute the government of the United States and the world. That class is in possession by legalized and sanctified larceny; the public is its puppet. A producer of wealth is its lemon to be squeezed dry and sell his bones for a month's grub for his starving children.

The Position of America

Supposing that the United States succeeds temporarily in preventing the industrial development of China, the following inferences seem justified. Europe stands at a disadvantage, whether in war or peace, because of inferior natural resources, inadequate bulk, and imperfect organization; but the position of Europe is not so desperate that it may not be amended by inertia in America and energy at home. Moreover, Americans must recognize that this is war to the death—a struggle no longer against single nations, but against a continent. There is not room in the economy of the world for two centers of wealth and empire. One organism, in the end, will destroy the other. The weaker must succumb. Under commercial competition, that society will survive which works cheapest; but to be undersold is often more fatal to a population than to be conquered.

Economies consist in the administration of masses, thus eliminating double profits, surplus wages and needless rent. Such masses in America are represented by the so-called "trusts"; therefore the trust must be accepted as the cornerstone of modern civilization, and the movement toward the trust must gather momentum until the limit of possible economies has been reached. In the stern struggle for life, affections, traditions and beliefs are as naught. Every innovation is resisted by some portion of every population; but resistance to innovation indicates, in the eye of nature, senility, and senility is doomed to be discarded.

One quality nature inexorably demands of men: she exacts from them the capacity to exert their energy through such channels as she may open from age to age. Those who can conform to her behests she crowns with wealth, with power and renown; those who rebel or lag behind she exterminates or enslaves. Should America be destined to prevail, in the struggle for empire which lies before her, those men will rule over her who can best administer masses vaster than anything now existing in the world, and the laws and institutions of our country will take the shape best adapted to the needs of the mighty engines which such men shall control.—Brooks Adams.

Perhaps you have not thought of it, but the subscription list of this paper is open for new names.

He was only a clerk, but he got away with \$35,000, and the directors of the bank are glad he was not the president of the institution and a Sunday school teacher.

SOCIALISM DISCUSSED IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

Keir Hardie, Declares He Will Raise the Question Again and Force it Upon the Attention of the Commons

BY JOHN PENNY, Secretary I. L. P.

On Tuesday, April 23, Mr. Keir Hardie's motion calling upon the government to inaugurate a Socialist commonwealth came up for discussion in the house of commons. I was fortunate enough to have a good seat under the gallery where I could see and hear all that transpired.

It is a rule of the house that at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evenings private members have the right to bring forward motions dealing with practically any question under the sun. The members ballot for precedence on these evenings and Mr. Hardie had secured second place. As the house adjourns at midnight, it will be seen that only three hours are allowed, and the rule is that as soon as the clock strikes twelve all discussion ceases and motions which have not been voted upon fall to the ground. Consequently it happens that although there may be ten or a dozen resolutions on the notice paper, very seldom are more than the first two or three dealt with.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Evelyn Cecil—there are a good many Cecil's in the present house of commons—began his speech upon the lack of steamship communication between this country and East Africa. The subject is not an inspiring one to the lay mind, and Mr. Cecil is not an inspiring speaker. He droned away to a thin house for about an hour and ten minutes, and when he sat down there was an appreciable sigh of relief. His motion was seconded by another member who occupied some twenty minutes. When he sat down there were loud cries of "divide," but it was speedily apparent that certain individuals were brimful of the drowsy subject or else it was they wished to talk out Mr. Hardie's motion. They insisted on speaking, and so the minutes wore away.

It was noteworthy, by the way, that about the time when Mr. Hardie would, under normal conditions, have been beginning his speech, Mr. Balfour strolled in, closely followed by several other front bench men, and both Liberal and Tory benches gradually filled up. It may have been quite accidental, but the rumor is abroad that they wanted to hear something new, expressed in intelligible language—a rare thing in the house. It may have been mere curiosity, or a real desire to learn. Anyhow, they turned up in force and the house would have presented an animated appearance had not the life been choked out of it by the dry-as-dust speeches to which it had to listen.

At last, at 11:30, the division bell was rung, calling members from all parts of the building to vote upon Mr. Cecil's motion, whether they knew what it was about or not, and after another five minutes had been wasted, Mr. Hardie was allowed to make a start.

It was a trying ordeal for any man. He had had to wait while members were plodding through their dreary orations, and finally he had a quarter of an hour in which to deliver a speech which ought to have occupied over an hour, to a house which did not include more than half a dozen supporters. He had to race

through his arguments. It was as difficult a task as I have ever seen a man called upon to perform.

I was struck with the attitude of the house as Mr. Hardie hurried through his points. Some of the young Tories listened earnestly and seemed to be impressed. One old gentleman wagged his head derisively until Mr. Hardie read an extract from the writings of John Stuart Mill, when the idea seemed to strike him that if a brainy man like Mill gave serious study to the doctrine of Socialism, it could not be merely a fad or a joke, and the head-wagging ceased abruptly. The bulk of the Liberals sat looking rather glum. They admired the way Mr. Hardie struck out at the government, but apparently did not relish the thought that he was planting a new standard in the parliamentary arena. The Irishmen, however, were very much alive. It cannot be said that they are Socialists, but they have a high esteem for Mr. Hardie, and accordingly gave him all the encouragement in their power, and punctuated his speech with rounds of applause, gradually growing in volume.

When Mr. Hardie sat down, Mr. Richard Bell of the Railway Servants' union, formally seconded the resolution. Immediately a crowd of members sprang to their feet and one of them, Mr. Banbury, secured the speaker's eye. He was just explaining that he was sorry he had not more time to demolish Mr. Hardie when the clock began to strike, and the sitting was over.

So ended the first definite introduction of Socialism into the house of commons. Some may think it both first and last, but Mr. Hardie declared that he would raise the question again, and it would be forced upon the attention of the legislature. Mr. Hardie is a man who keeps his word, and even if he should fail in this promise, there is no doubt that the rising tide of Socialism in the country will make itself felt within the walls of St. Stephens, as it has already made itself felt in the municipal life of the nation.

[The resolution referred to by our correspondent read as follows: "That, considering the increasing burden which private ownership of land and capital is imposing upon the industrious and useful classes of the community, the poverty and destitution and general moral and physical deterioration resulting from a competitive system of wealth production which aims primarily at profit making, the alarming growth of trusts and syndicates, able by reason of their great wealth to influence governments and plunge peaceful nations into war to serve their interests, this house is of opinion that such a condition of affairs constitutes a menace to the well-being of the realm, and calls for legislation designed to remedy the same by inaugurating a Socialist commonwealth founded upon the common ownership of land and capital, production for use and not for profit, and equality of opportunity for every citizen.]

The Despotism of Capitalism

There is nothing more infamous under the present system than enslavement of women and children. In the centers of industry thousands of women and children are as absolute industrial slaves as ever existed in any age of the world. These people are more unfortunate physically than the black slave was before the war.

The black slave, being property, it was to the interest of the master to look after him. But the change from chattel to industrial slavery makes the slave of no value when not needed to create wealth. If the slave dies capitalism loses nothing. When the wage slave is not employed the capitalist has no interest in him. He has to shift for himself and is only recognized when needed to feed the machine for the purpose of creating wealth for his industrial master.

Such a system is a travesty upon civilization, and to think that a people the majority of whom profess to believe in the doctrines of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven," is so absurd that it staggers the imagination when we think of it. The Socialists protest against slavery in every form and especially the enslavement of women and helpless children. No man who thinks and has any respect for the hu-

man race can consistently support the capitalist system, and it is only a question of time when it must give way for a humane and just system that will not only free the women and children from the bondage of capitalism, but the whole race will be delivered from its injustice.—The Social Economist.

The Pernicious Military Spirit

There is not a true American who does not in his heart honor the Filipinos for their long and persistent fight for liberty and independence against overwhelming odds. The glorification of Funston for what is at best, with its forgeries, subornation of treachery and Indian cunning, a questionable performance as a part of civilized warfare, is another illustration of the demoralizing effect of militarism. A great inventor, or a great philanthropist, or a great poet of the people, is worth more to a republic than five hundred Funstons or "fighting Bobs," and will be remembered five hundred years after they are forgotten. It is easy to go with the crowd and to flatter the people by leading their "heroes," but it is as easy to do this as to foster tyranny. The military spirit needs the correction of truth, not the glamour of lies. There is nothing truly heroic or glorious in a whole wretched Filipino business. New York World.

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The result of evolution in humanization is Socialism.

There is a wide difference between living and existing—the rich live; the poor exist.

"He who steals my purse steals trash"—Shakespeare. "Right you are," says the wage slave. "Shake."

In the wonderful growth of the city of New York it has become the center of money and misery of the continent.

Vigorous research has resulted in finding that codfish, rum and ruggers were the foundations of many of the great fortunes of Boston.

Impersonate McKinley's prosperity and you will find a plutocratic carbuncle on the end of its nose as big as a full moon, and red as a rooster's comb.

England has negotiated a loan of \$300,000,000, which brings the expenses of her Boer war up to date to \$1,100,000,000—just the size of Morgan's steel trust, but not so profitable.

Strange, but nevertheless true, that New Jersey, the great trust-hatching state, complains that theatrical posters are "indecent." New Jersey is equally opposed to the naked truth, whether it relates to money or morals—a trust or a bust.

It is difficult to grasp the magnitude of a billion dollar trust. Suppose an expert could count 200 silver dollars a minute. Working ten hours a day for 365 days in a year and starting in at the job on his twenty-first birthday, he would be 43 years old when he finished his task.

An American artist, long a resident in Italy, and speaking the language as if native to the manor born, visiting a great art gallery with a number of lady friends, discovered he had left his admittance cards at home. The custodian demanding them was brushed aside by the artist, who walked in, saying, "The Duc de Wheelbarrow requires no admittance cards." In Europe a title is as handy as a burglar's jimmy.

A Philadelphia M. D. was fortunate in having a man of fortune for a patient. Death claimed the patient and the doctor wants \$100,000 for his services. Whether death or the doctor was the more rapacious is the query. One thing is certain, death is becoming a luxury which only millionaires can afford. Still, it is a sad reflection that labor has to pay their medical bills and funeral expenses.

R. A. Alger, McKinley's secretary of war, rehearses in the North American Review the embalmed, chemically treated, rotten beef which under his administration was fed to the soldiers. Why he should seek to revive the insufferable stench is a mystery, unless it be to make McKinley, who kicked him out of the war office, responsible for the beef horror. It required two whitewashing commissions to deodorize McKinley, but he was not entirely relieved of the stench.

The train which is hauling the Emperor and Empress of McKinleydom over the country is the most gorgeous in its construction and appointments of anything of the kind ever seen. It is a thing of beauty, luxury and ease happily combined, and the emperor and his accompanying satraps are having a rollicking, high-roller time. Wine flows like a Niagara, and corks pop and fly like bullets when Filipinos are handing in their chips and retiring from the field. The emperor's subjects throng around his palatial car, and amidst sycophancy and storms of adulation the shout is heard, "See, the conquering hobo comes."

Morgan, so far, has sold \$50,000,000 of his steel trust stock in E. Pope.

An idiot editor talks about the "labor trust" having "knocked out the steel trust." When?

If "the wages of sin is death," the time has come for sin to settle with the robbers of labor.

It is small, but the business end of a friction match, properly handled, could create as much talk as Carnegie's library philanthropy.

A dispatch says King Edward VII. is only 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 195 pounds. We assume from crown to sole it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

When it is remembered that Bryan's vote in '96 was 6,490,319, and in 1900 141,571 less, and that disintegration is still going forward, the grand old D. P. affords Socialists an opportunity to vastly increase their numerical strength.

The Presbyterian church has concluded to amend its creed. Foreordination, predestination and other things in that line are to be wiped out. It is a move in the right direction, and gratifying chiefly because ignorance and superstition are succumbing to the soul-expanding liberalism taught by Socialism.

A patriot soldier remarks: "I am for the army, with the army and by the army," but affirms that he had "never seen a recruiting office in a respectable locality—never in the haunts of the high and mighty, but always down in poverty hollow." The "high and mighty" do not enlist as common soldiers. The raw material found in "poverty hollow" supplies most of the food for powder.

The latest discovery in medical science is that the venom and oil of the rattlesnake is a remedy for leprosy, and as we have annexed about 100,000 lepers, found in Hawaii and the Philippine islands, the outlook favors a rattlesnake business in the leprosy antidote, the danger being that a rattlesnake trust will be organized to the detriment of the lepers. Fortunately the rattlesnake raw material of the United States is practically exhausted.

The world will be required to modify its estimate of Aguinaldo, the Filipino chief. True, he was captured by strategy, hunted like an outlaw and betrayed by his countrymen. Nevertheless, when captured he should have been equal to the splendid opportunity misfortune presented. He could have defied McKinley and his satraps, and met his fate like a patriot. This he did not do. His manifestos, such as they were, and his exploits serve only to make his name infamous—a fate of all cowards. Let him rot.

There is, say what we may, something in the nature of dauntless courage connected with piracy on the high seas. In the pursuit of gain the freebooter dares the dangers of the storm and the billow, with nothing between him and a grave but a plank. Compared with him, the trust pirate is the veriest sneak the world has known. It takes no risks. It operates under a black flag. It has no more soul than a paving stone. It kills its victims by torture, and has murdered more men than all the pirates that ever made the wave their home.

Reports have it that the Knights of Labor have taken the initial steps to organize a great labor party, including the labor unions of the country in all branches of labor, the purpose being to fight trusts. The idea is a good one, but when the Knights of Labor and Gompers and his federation unite for any purpose the time will have arrived when "the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." Still, it is all right, evincing the fact that in the process of evolution the restless forces of labor will be found doing battle under the conquering banner of Socialism.

Our empire so far has brought us a remarkable assortment of bric-a-brac—in the Philippine islands, fraud, embezzlement, demoralization and 75,000 lepers. In the Sulu archipelago, Mohammedanism, polygamy, harems, piracy and slavery. In Porto Rico, hunger with famine symptoms, unrest and danger of constant revolt. In Hawaii, contract slave labor and enough leprosy to stock a continent. In Cuba, embezzlement, extortion, corruption in every form supplemented by arrogant absolutism on the part of satraps and their parasites which live and riot in the hair of the imperial dog; and over all this mass of indescribable lust, sycophancy, rottenness and degradation, costing millions annually to be paid by workingmen in the United States, the flag, "Old Glory," the "star-spangled banner," etc., waves triumphantly, looking as though every stripe on its folds had been inflected at a Delaware whipping post for stealing chickens, or wife-beating. God! Aren't we a world power!

True it is that man as an animal has

but one life to live, but as an intellectual being he may live several lives at the same time. The Lord Bacon, who lives the life of a statesman, a lawyer, a philosopher and a poet, in each of which he won great distinction. Pope said he was the "wisest, brightest, most virtuous of mankind." There are thousands of small Bacons to be found on every hand; men playing wolf and sheep, judge and Judas; men like Carnegie playing philanthropist and philistine; men sobbing like a November rain over the woes of labor and sending out their fellow-men as if indeed they were a commodity, inventory.

of capitalism and voting the capitalistic ticket with no more sense of shame for their treason than a bronze dog. But there remains a mighty army of true men, pledged to the right, who cannot be swerved from their purpose any more than a thunderbolt can be deflected from its mark. They are the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and millions of them are the champions of Socialism.

We must have agitation or stagnation. Agitation is life—stagnation death. Nature abhors stagnation, as it does a vacuum. In the factories when the great engines pulsate, when wheels revolve and hammers beat; on the farm, when the plow has agitated the soil and the bearded wheat and tasseled corn responds, progress is sure. In the swamp, the morass, the fen stagnation reigns supreme. The winds blow a ceaseless protest against stagnation. Astronomers tell us that the sun, the great central luminary and the source of light and heat, is ceaselessly in a storm of agitation. A labor strike is strictly in consonance with the laws of nature and of human nature. The world moves by agitation, not by stagnation. When agitation ceases the time will have arrived for Gabriel to sound the trumpet note that the world is dead. Socialism takes no stock in stagnation. The highlands, not the fens, is its home, and it will be more aggressive as the years go by. A mighty work is before it, and the obstacles in the way to be overcome only seem to arouse and intensify its energies.

Soldiers vs. Workingmen

The soldier, ostensibly, enlists to serve his country from patriotic motives, which is not always true, but let it go. He is clothed, fed, sheltered, equipped and paid by the government. He is given a musket and a large supply of cartridges. He is trained for war. He produces nothing, he simply consumes. His mission is to shoot men, not wild beasts. He is taught to rely upon bullets, not ballots, in carrying forward the great enterprising civilization and progress. He has no voice in any matter concerning government. In such affairs he is as dumb as a bowlder. If he gets sick, there is a hospital, a doctor and a nurse for him; if he dies, he is sure of a decent burial and a headstone to mark his grave. If he fights, he may get wounded or killed. In either case he is cared for—old, infirm and poor, the government provides him a home and gives him a pension, and as if this were not enough, monuments piled up attesting the nation's gratitude for his services—all things considered, the soldier has an easy job.

The workingman enlists in the army of industry. His place is in the ranks of labor. He is associated with those who build everything—railroads, factories, forges, ships, machinery—all the monuments of progress that rise in stately grandeur along the track of civilization. But the government does not provide these soldiers of industry with clothing, food, shelter or tools. The government takes no account of them at all, except to count them as it does cattle, regards them as a "commodity," so much hide and hair, flesh and bones. Worn out with toil in industrial campaigns, the government does not pay them a pension nor provide them with homes. If the veteran in the industrial army dies as poor as Lazarus, the government may dig a hole in the ground and chuck him into it and felicitate itself that the old soldier is out of the way. True, he served the state in peaceful ways. His whole life was spent in building, repairing and preserving the monuments of progress, in creating wealth and paying taxes, and though "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," no monuments are erected to commemorate his achievements; no flowers decorate the turf beneath which he sleeps, and no poet sings of him: "How sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their country's riches blest."

It has been suggested that the government could well afford and ought to recognize the services of the old, worn-out soldiers of the industrial army, because they have created the wealth of the country and supplied it with revenues. But the government does not see things through such spectacles; on the contrary, if the soldiers of the industrial army, impoverished, robbed, degraded past endurance, revolt against the spoils of capitalism, the government calls out its military force, which, under Miles, or some other Goth or Hun, is ordered to use their guns to compel subjugation to a civilization of blood and the progress of poverty.

That the government should change its policy, dictated by capitalism, is not expected any more than it is expected that tigers and hyenas will meet in convention and resolve to extract their teeth and claws. But workingmen have a right to expect from their government a policy, and laws in consonance with it, that capitalism shall take its vulture back from out the heart of labor and its paws and claws from off its prostrate body. This done, labor will take care of itself; otherwise, with less patience than the camel, when the last hair of its burden breaks its back, labor will resist the last wrong imposed by capitalism and with its back bone unbroken will, if peaceful ways under right, reason, truth and justice, cannot prevail, inaugurate a "superb catastrophe, in which the winds will rage as when forests are rended and billows roll as when navies are stranded," as Ella Wheeler Wilcox sings:

"Let the land usurpers listen, let the greedy-hearted ponder
 On the meaning of the numbers rising here and swelling yonder,
 Swelling louder, waxing stronger, like a storm-fed stream that courses
 Through the valleys, down abysses, growing, gaining with new forces."

Education

Too much has not been said upon the subject of education—perhaps not enough. It is a live topic, but manifestly too little has been said about the character of the education which is furnished by the schools of the present.

There is such a thing as a vicious education, an education which inculcates false ideas of right and justice, and has the effect of debasing instead of elevating its prosessor, sometimes termed "liberal," such as is obtained in colleges and universities.

History records that once the learning of Egypt was proverbial, but belonged to a particular body of exclusives and was considered too precious to be suffered within the reach of any except the very highest class of society. And in Greece, in the noon of her glory, philosophy dwelt on high, considered too sacred to be taught but to the favored few. The mechanic and tradesmen and all the lower classes were precluded from the lyceum and academy where Aristotle and Plato taught. It is said that the evils we impute to certain wicked rulers were not so much the vices of individual sovereigns, since those rulers and despots were the natural fruits of the degradation of the people. It was "like people, like king," and a Nero, a Tiberias, a Caligula and other monsters of their kind simply exemplified the character of the people of the age in which they lived and ruled.

The victims of these tyrants were not greatly to blame for not resisting the cruelties inflicted upon them. They were uneducated and degraded to the level of cattle or beasts of burden. They had neither voice, vote nor influence; they were simply slaves.

It is not worth while to devote space in speculating upon the slow processes of the evolution of education for the masses. It came at last to the United States of America in the form of free schools, accompanied by liberty and independence, free speech, a free press and a free religion—the grandest achievement of evolution since the earth began its revolutions around the sun.

When this new era dawned, education was no longer permitted to be beyond the reach of the masses. It does not matter in the least when or where the germ thought of universal education began its evolutionary unfoldings; we are content with the fact that it bloomed for the first time here in America.

After a century or more of free schools, upon which eulogies have been bestowed until eloquence could find no further adornments for the subject, free schools on the hills and in the valleys, springs where the youth of the land could go and slake their thirst for knowledge and act their part in preserving and perpetuating free institutions, what do we behold? Do we see the graduates of these free schools watching with eternal vigilance their liberties and wielding a freeman's ballot to guard the sacred trust? No, unfortunately, such is not the spectacle presented for contemplation. An enemy of liberty, a combination of wealth and greed, coveting the United States for the exploitation of its schemes, sly, insidious, cunning and rapacious, has won the price for which it contended. Capitalism has stolen the tools of labor, and labor lies prostrate beneath its iron-shod hoofs. This is bad enough, but there is still a sadder picture. The graduates of the free schools have become so formed and transformed that they respond to the bidding of their masters, and use their ballots to perpetuate their own degradation and slavery.

This is not pessimism, it is not croaking, nor is it the language of despair. Socialism, awaiting development, agitates and points out to the masses of the people a way to regain what has been lost, and it will ultimately solve the problem which capitalism vauntingly submits for solution. Cut the gordian knot, become master of the situation and give back to the people their liberties and establish free institutions.

A Socialist Man's Views

A writer in the Chicago Record-Herald discussing the statement of Dr. Hille, the Brooklyn preacher, that Prof. Herron's course in life "is the fruitage of the doctrine of Socialism, which never stops short of free-loveism and the belief that marriage is unnecessary," makes the following sensible remarks:

"What is socialism? It is the common ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth. Is it any wonder that it leads to free love and the belief that marriage is not necessary? The cause of every phenomenon must be in the result, and the result is a natural and inevitable product of the cause. Is it not as plain as the nose on a man's face that the basic doctrine of socialism leads to free love, and consequently the destruction of the family? Is it not clear that such a doctrine tends to dry up all the fountains of conjugal and parental love? Is it not equally plain that a belief in the common ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth must lead to the disbelief in religion and to the destruction of all sense of right and wrong? Who can doubt that socialism makes men thieves, liars, adulterers and murderers? Is it not also clear that a socialist is practically the same as an anarchist?"

"This reasoning brings fine results when applied to other economic doctrines. A few years ago a clergyman of this city left his wife and children and left for parts unknown with a woman that was the mother of several children. He was a staunch republican and made an eloquent republican speech at the Auditorium, 'but his course in life was the fruitage of the doctrine of republicanism,' which never stops short of free-loveism and the belief that marriage is unnecessary." How could a belief in protective tariff, the gold standard and the continuance of the present competitive industrial system produce any other results? Ingersoll, the agnostic, was the product of republicanism, and is a sad example of what a man may come to who slips his moorings and drifts with those who have no God, no church, no country, but remember that the doctrine rather than the man should be assailed; throw the mantle of charity over the man, but the doctrine never.

"The Democratic party is an object lesson to all the world concerning the dreadful effects of the belief in free silver and free trade, for it is not an indisputable fact that thousands of Democrats would destroy the Bible, close the churches, annul the Christian Sabbath and pour contempt upon everything sacred."

"Socialism is not a religious or moral question any more than any other economic theory is. All kinds of men are socialists as all kinds of men are Democrats or Republicans. In the ranks of the old parties are to be found infidels and men representing every religious belief that prevails in civilized countries, but no one supposes that the economic beliefs of men have any special influence on their morals. A free lover may be a socialist, for free-loveism has nothing to do with the means of production and distribution of wealth, but there is no more reason why a socialist should be a free lover than there is why a Republican or Democrat should be one. To say that socialists are less faithful to their wives and children than Republicans or Democrats is to utter a vile slander, born of ignorance and prejudice. Whether Dr. Herron is a good or bad man has nothing to do with the truth or falsity of the socialist contention. Ingersoll may have misunderstood modern Christianity, but what has that to do with Republicanism? Karl Marx, in my opinion, held very erroneous views concerning marriage, but what has that to do with socialism? A little more of the Christian virtue of truthfulness would be very desirable in some of the ignorant critics of socialism, who rush into print and show to well-read students of scientific socialism that they know about as much about the subjects as a hog does of astronomy."

Aristocratic Blooded Stock Market

Newport, May 10.—The title market is sluggish at present, with no signs of an immediate awakening. There was a little flurry a few days ago, caused by the arrival of a Flemish prince, but the bidding was not what might be called spirited. There is one damaged English earl in sight, and it is understood that unless a livelier movement sets in soon he may have to go at a sacrifice.

Latest quotations are: Barons, German, fair to middling, \$50,000@75,000; French, no offerings; counts, French, \$1,500,000; inferior grades, \$250,000@400,000. Barons, fair to medium English, \$750,000@1,000,000. Viscounts, nothing doing. Earls, prime stock, \$1,500,000@2,500,000; shopworn, \$800,000@1,000,000. Princes, ordinary Russian, \$50,000@60,000, with weak bidding. Marquises, French, fancy, \$2,500,000@5,000,000; English, ordinary, \$4,000,000@7,500,000. Dukes, common English, \$5,000,000@10,000,000 bid, with no offerings.

The Labor Record, hitherto published at Joplin, Mo., has been removed to Kansas City.

THE ZOLA SOUNDS WARNING

His Latest Work, "Labor," is a Study and a Prophecy—French Conditions that Apply Equally to America

Like "Fruitfulness," "Labor" is a great sermon. On one and the same canvas Zola depicts the ruinous results of the present system of exploiting labor, and an ideal condition that might prevail if labor were given its rightful honors and justice, instead of being founded on usurpation, ruled. "Labor" is a mighty book, that must be looked upon as more than narrative fiction. It is a study and a prophecy. You may quarrel with the solution it offers, you may doubt the correctness of its diagnosis of labor's disease, but you cannot doubt the disease. No right-minded man can look unmoved upon the picture Zola draws of the iron workers of Beauclair.

In "Labor" the pit, the steel factory of the Quirgions, symbolizes, in the fashion Zola is master of, the industrial enslaver of men. "It lay just on the edge of the town of Beauclair, a town of 6,000 souls, 5,000 of them poor, dark souls, confined in suffering bodies, deformed and degraded by the cruel labor of the pit." The wage earners are put first before you coming back to work after an unsuccessful strike of two months—drunkenness, dishonesty, brutality stamped upon most of them. They pour into the little town on the evening of Luc Froment's coming to spend the few cents they have earned in rioting after starvation. Froment, burning with zeal to advance the cause of labor, has not yet thought out a solution. While on this visit to Jordan, master of the blast furnace at La Crecherie, he is studying details, going about among the people and learning their ways of living. In these journeyings we accompany him.

After that first view of the workers we are taken to the pit, there to see labor blindly worshipping its idol, men diligently, even lovingly working at pursuits that never bring them even enough daily bread. In the horrid heat, the terrible routine, they are broiled, burned, made imbecile, yet they go on, not knowing why, enslaved by the god of the furnace. We visit the prosperous middle class in their iniquitous leisure and poisonous pleasure, dining, dancing, rarely giving a thought to the source of their wealth. And when the few charitably inclined turn to thoughts of labor, they plan soup-houses, hospitals and better-built almshouses. The pit swallows live men and coins them into gold for the merry-makers at Guerdache.

Not so wicked as these, but blame-worthy because negative, comes La Crecherie with its master, the scientist Jordan. Wrapped up in his scientific pursuits, all he wishes is leisure to work at his invention for fusing by electricity. He is on the eve of selling his blast furnace and the mineral land on which it is situated to the owners of the pit, when Luc Froment arrives. If that sale is consummated the entire district will fall absolutely into the hands of one man, an exploiter of labor in the worst sense of the term.

In the discussion held at the different houses he visits Luc gets the benefit of all sides of the labor question. He hears the capitalist argue that the race is to the strongest, that the burden of the laborer must naturally increase to the limit of his endurance. He hears the priest argue that the crushing burden of labor carried to extremes is placed upon man for his sins. The teacher holds that discipline requires this breaking of man, the scientist that things are ordered as they are by forces greater than man can control and that discussion will avail nothing. The mayor and the soldier agree that labor's complaints should be stilled at the mouth of the gun. Instead of sharing the callous indifference of the magnate, the resignation of the preacher, the disdain of the scientist, Luc Froment feels divinely impelled to put his shoulder to the wheel and uplift labor.

No one is at his best in the system that prevails. The rich at Guerdache are not happy. They feel the chill of apprehension. Everywhere the worker feels the sting of injustice. The corroding discontent is eating into the heart of society. Something must give way. When men are ground down till they can be ground no longer, and still the press is applied, primeval instincts rise and man turns brute again. He cares nothing for laws or institutions, government or property. The distinction between mine and thine is swept away. The masses, possessing when once started in motion the greatest momentum, can crush the classes like puff balls.

In the novel "Labor" you have the brutalized or maddened workman plotting violence, the money-grabbing, careless employer squandering the fruits of labor with wasteful, criminal lavishness, the reclusive shutting himself away from mankind, indifferent, wrapped up in scientific pursuits. The opinion is general and justified that labor is degrading, dishonoring, accursed. Puddlers like Ragu envy the wealthy because of their idleness. They would displace the rich and themselves live in idleness. Being slaves, they would be masters, that they in turn might have slaves. Superior laborers, like Bonnaire and Lange, feel the wrongs of their kind, and wish to abolish undue wealth altogether, but would use the weapons of revolution.

Jordan, the scientist, slave of all work-

ers, appreciates to its full the cruel beauty of labor. Work is life itself. Everything in the world works—the ocean, the rivers, the fields, the trees. "Work is a force is perpetual activity, a god in all religions, working out the final happiness of which we feel the imperious necessity."

There is no such thing as happiness unless we place it in the united happiness of perpetual united labor. And that is why I wish that some one would preach to the world the religion of labor, and sing hosannas to labor, as to a savior, the only true source of health, peace and happiness.

During this poem to labor Luc Froment's thoughts have crystallized in a plan. The clew has been given. Labor is blessed if men can choose their own occupation, vary it as they wish, rest from it when they choose. Man is not lazy, but he must follow his instincts. The thing to do is to use these instincts, guide them, direct them, control them, but never crush them, as the church commands, or discipline them into cowardly acquiescence to a superior force.

This is the root of the doctrine preached by Fourier. Luc had been reading a digest of his principles, called "Association." According to the principles of Fourier he will use men's instincts to help them rise. He enlists Jordan's aid, gets control of La Crecherie, and operates it on the principles laid down by Fourier, reorganizing labor to bring about just division of wealth, thus restoring to the laborer his nobility and his free personality. Under the new conditions of justice and peace the workmen and their children and their children's children flourish and are happy. La Crecherie becomes "a fraternal factory, one brotherhood, one family." The pit falls to ruin. The seeds of destruction are in it and its owners and their social system. Death is in the old life and perpetuity in the new.—Chicago Record-Herald.

There's a column in The Herald to register your kicks in. There's an opening for you to get a new subscriber once in a while.

Is the Document Worn Out?

It is nothing new for the "anti-imperialist" papers to raise the outcry that the McKinley administration is violating the declaration of independence by its policy in Cuba and the Philippines; and the outcry usually ends in a demand that the government return to the traditions of the fathers. It is something new, however, to hear that the declaration is contrary to the history and spirit of our government and the welfare of the world, and that it should be disavowed as a guiding principle. "Notwithstanding its frequent and perfunctory avowals to the contrary," maintains Leon C. Prince of Dickinson college, in the Arena, "the United States has persistently refused, wherever its own interests have so dictated, to be governed in its conduct by that instrument whose maxims it pretends to accept as its God-given and infallible guide," and he thinks that it would be the part of honesty and candor to discard it. In denying the ballot to women, to men under twenty-one, and to all persons in the territories, we violate the doctrine of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people"; in every acquisition of new territory we have disregarded the principle that "Government rests upon the consent of the governed"; and in the American civil war, the right of revolution, a right glorified and upheld throughout the declaration, was stamped out with sword and fire. Our very form of government, declares Mr. Prince, is imperial, for "there is no monarch in Europe, with the exception of the sultan of Turkey and the czar of Russia, who possesses independent powers of so dictatorial a type as the president of the United States, and none to whom the title of imperator may be more logically and truthfully applied."

Kicker, get out and work; do something for Socialism by getting subscribers for The Herald.

Combines to Handle Real Estate

There is matter for more than passing remark in the announcement that Cornelius Vanderbilt has been elected a director in the New York Realty corporation. This concern has a capital of \$3,000,000 and is engaged in the buying and improvement of real estate.

Its command of almost unlimited capital and the presence of men like Vanderbilt, William F. Havemeyer, Henry Seligman, Oakleigh Thorne, James Speyer, Charles Steele of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. and Charles H. Tweed in its directory mean that the same forces and economics of combination that done so much for industry in America are to be turned to the development and management of real estate in great cities. It also means that the best property in cities like New York and Chicago will gradually pass into the control of men of large wealth or corporations which can afford to improve it to the highest advantage to secure a moderate and certain return for the investment.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Are you interested enough to do a little hustling for subscribers? If not, why not?

CHURCH BROTHERS SONG

O hush your cries, my baby,
And rest your tired head,
For every day they have crept
Into his cozy bed.
O hush! the winds of night will bear
Your plaintive cries about,
And the Christian man will get you if
You don't watch out.

O hush your cries, your father dear
Is hiding in the hills;
He's hiding from the priests that make
Our fields run bloody rills;
With Bible and with musket they're
Converting all about—
The mission man will get you if you
Don't watch out.

And if you're caught, the love wherewith
The Buddha fills the mind
They'll turn to smiling falsehood,
Covering hatred of your kind;
O hush! with cross and Bible they
Are prowling all about—
And they'll civilize you, baby, if you
Don't watch out!

—Frederick Manley in Life.

Socialism in Great Britain

A Socialist member of the British parliament, Keir Hardie, offered a resolution the other day providing for the transformation of the United Kingdom into a Socialistic commonwealth. Another member, named Bell, seconded the resolution. The episode was gotten up to provide an opportunity for a speech or two, and attracted little attention outside of the house. Mr. Hardie, in his speech, admitted that thus far Socialism as a distinct parliamentary or political force had made far less headway in Great Britain than it had upon the European continent, but he maintained that new conditions recently brought about would cause it to grow rapidly on English soil.

Experience must determine the soundness of the forecast. It is not too much to say, however, that the type of imperialism developed in Great Britain in recent years has so much militarism in it, involving, it is believed, conscription at an early day, and also brings in its train so heavy an increase in the national tax burdens for a people already severely pressed in the competition for the supremacy of the world's markets—this type of imperialism is so similar to the kind developed in continental countries where Socialism flourishes that Mr. Hardie's idea may prove to be well founded. It is a striking fact that Socialism in Germany, France and Italy, as a formidable parliamentary force, has been developed very largely since those countries began, after 1880, their modern careers in empire-building or colonialism. Another striking fact is that the Socialists are strong anti-militarists and anti-imperialists in all of those European countries.

It is scarcely too much to say that modern imperialism is a decided stimulant to the growth of modern Socialism, and one hazards little in predicting that before Great Britain reaches the end of her imperialistic career she will have a much more intimate acquaintance with Socialism in her domestic politics than she has today.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Trend

Socialists may very prudently indulge in self-felicitation as they note the fact that the principles which they advocate are capturing men mentally strong and courageous throughout the country, among them Franklin Pierce of New York, whose writings are having a wide reading. Mr. Pierce points out that a more "stupendous instrument of corruption was never conceived by the perverse ingenuity of man than this power conferred upon congress," and he affirms that "so successful have combinations of wealth and avarice been in controlling national legislation that today few men think of attaining wealth in great business adventures without national or state aid in the form of special legislation."

"We might," says Mr. Pierce, "feel more hopeful that there was a favorable outlook for better conditions were it not for the fact that the receivers of the immense profits of the trusts do not hesitate to devote millions of dollars for the campaign disbursements of political parties, and for the purpose of misinforming—yes, even corrupting—the citizens through their paid official newspaper organs."

Socialism, for a thousand times, has called attention to such facts. It has not been blind to their malign influence, and has urged that to overcome them workingmen must abandon the old parties, alike responsible for conditions and environments, and cast their ballots for the Social Democratic party, which stands pledged to the liberty and independence of workingmen.

Mr. Pierce, in true Socialistic spirit, remarks: "I do wish to urge, with all the earnestness of my being, the danger to the liberty and the independence of the individual man from these domestic spoilers that make us slaves and tell us 'tis our charter.' Industrial slavery is only a step removed from political slavery. There is not a man in any humble home in all this land but who ought to feel aggrieved by the extortions of the trusts. They sit in his cup, they sit at his fire, they follow him in every step of his life and rob him. Dick Tur-

pin was a modest highwayman. He relieved the traveler upon Hounslow Heath of his pocketbook and his watch; but our modern highwayman put Dick Turpin to the blush, for they steal the very highway itself, put upon it their steam and electric railways, and, not satisfied with this, they still follow the wayfarer to his home, and there, year in and year out, extort from him tribute upon every piece of coal or iron or steel or wire or tinsplate that he uses." Mr. Pierce is not a Socialist by affiliation, but his writings indicate conclusively that he is in profound sympathy with its teachings and is helping on the great cause of the emancipation of workingmen from the grasp of capitalism.

Degradation of Army Life

Frank E. Farnham, of Peabody, now a member of the Massachusetts bar, but formerly of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery during the civil war, writes to the editor of "Our Dumb Animals" as follows:

"Having served three years in our civil war and having taken part in some of the fiercest conflicts of that war, my conclusions in regard to the subject are not wholly those of a theorist.

"The result of my observation, investigation and experience has led me to believe that the standing army of the United States should not exceed ten thousand in number, and that all the militia systems of the several states should be abolished.

"This conclusion will doubtless be pronounced a radical and dangerous one by the many who have given little thought to the subject, and by the few who profit by the present antiquated, ineffective and demoralizing system, but I have some reasons for the faith that is in me.

"I say antiquated, ineffective and demoralizing advisedly.

"The system of the regular army of the United States, of which our state militia system are but weak imitations, was copied from the European systems in vogue in the early part of the last century when a commission was sent from the United States to investigate the military systems of Europe preparatory to establishing a military system here.

"Our present regular army and West Point were the results (West Point with its record of caste, hazard, etc.)

"The elements of military caste taken from the European system, where the officers were nobles and the privates serfs, was peculiarly grateful to the South, which dominated the commission referred to, as indeed it did the whole nation at that time.

"In this system the elements of individuality and manhood were eliminated from the makeup of the private soldier. He was reduced to a mere fighting animal, without ambition, judgment, or any rights which the officer was bound to respect.

"When an army of such soldiers comes in contact with manhood and brains, fighting for a principle, or in self-defense, the result is as graphically portrayed by Conan Doyle in his article in the October number of McClure's: 'The ratio of effectiveness is perhaps ten to one in favor of the system of which the Boers furnish the latest and most surprising example.'

"Wars of aggression do not develop armies of this noble class, the vital element of principle being lacking. Such wars do develop soldiers of fortune, mercenaries, cruelty, robbery and rapine, and all the horrors that spring from a combination of whisky and bloodthirstiness.

"As a rule with nations, as with individuals, self-defense alone justifies bloodshed."

Capital and Labor

"Times are hard," said the Picked Chicken.

"Why," said the Rat, "this is an era of prosperity; see how I have feathered my nest."

"But," said the Picked Chicken, "you have gotten my feathers."

"You must not think," said the Rat, "that because I get more comfort you get poorer."

"But," said the Chicken, "you produce no feathers, and I keep none—"

"If you would use your teeth—" interrupted the Rat.

"I—" said the Picked Chicken.

"You could lay by as much as I do," concluded the Rat.

"If—" said the Picked Chicken.

"Without consumers like me," said the Rat, "there would be no demand for the feathers which you produce."

"I will vote for a change," said the Picked Chicken.

"Only those who have feathers should have the suffrage," remarked the Rat—Life.

The Stanford University of California has within a brief period lost six of its professors because they would not sell out their manhood and become the yellow dogs, trotting under Mrs. Stanford's band wagon for such rations of bread and butter as the wealthy widow might choose to bestow. The action of the many professors comes at a time when the country is sorely in need of educators who have convictions and the courage to proclaim them and maintain them. All such displays of integrity aid the cause of Socialism. The professors should study Socialism.

LOCAL SOCIETIES

LIBERTY BRANCH. Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at 121 West 12th street. Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at 121 West 12th street. Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at 121 West 12th street.

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Brooklyn plumbers have compromised with the bosses and agreed to the scale of \$3.75 for eight hours a day, with Saturday half-holidays from June to September inclusive.

It is reported that a Dr. Ludwig Mund of England has discovered a gas which can be used with manufacturing purposes, and sold with profit at two-pence per thousand cubic feet.

The Federation of Labor at St. Louis are getting ready to build a labor temple in that city. They have adopted the co-operative plan and are confining their shares to organized labor.

The Indianapolis tanners, who went on strike to enforce their new scale, are at work again. After the men had been out two days the union scale of twenty-seven and one-half cents an hour was signed by all the large contractors.

A Chicago preacher has resigned because he could not live on his salary of \$900 a year. Here is a limit for the workingmen. Let them resign all jobs that do not pay over that amount, because the preachers say a man cannot live on it, and they know.

During the past eleven years the General Workers' union in Spain has grown enormously, in spite of the difficulties of all kinds which are put in the way of workmen wishing to organize themselves. In 1887 there were twenty-seven groups with 3,352 members; today there are 172 groups with 30,000 members, 10,000 of whom live in Madrid.

In the purchase of Port Arthur on the Texas coast the Standard Oil octopus gets control of the outlet for the oil fields of Texas. It is not hard for the intelligent to see that the Standard Oil trust will ultimately control the oil fields of Texas. Let the dance go on and the people will soon learn that their only hope is in the co-operative commonwealth.

Eugene Smith, a New York journalist, has figured it out, after going into the matter carefully and studiously, that the annual cost of crime in this country foots up the enormous total of \$800,000,000. But what is called "crime" is traced to its causes. The causes are in the capitalist system. Over every penitentiary should be this inscription: "Home of the victims of capitalism."

Carroll D. Wright is in print again. He calls attention to the decline of marriage among workingmen in cities. He says that out of 17,427 representative workingmen in twenty-two cities, 15,337 were found to be unmarried. And that is all he does. Wright is merely a government clerk recording every-day facts with which most intelligent people are acquainted. He ignores the causes of conditions and has no prospectus or remedy to offer.

The Borough of Battersea, England, is certainly setting the pace. Next year there will be a municipal choir of 200 voices and an orchestra of seventy instruments. A new organ is being built in the town hall. Free concerts are to be given on Tuesday and Sunday evenings, the cost being defrayed out of the rates. The town hall seats about 1,200 people, but a proposal has been mooted to connect it with the Nine Elms baths by electrophone, which will enable another 2,500 people to hear the music.

The board of railroad commissioners of New Hampshire, in its annual report to the governor and council, says: "Of the 147 miles of steam road in New Hampshire, all but fifty-two miles in the extreme northern part are included in the Boston & Maine system. As it is unlikely that the Grand Trunk will ever part with the road by which it reaches tidewater at Portland, it is to be assumed that consolidation has been completed. By it more than forty roads which were chartered and for a time operated independently have been merged into one."

Although the war in the Philippines is considered over, our war expenses are still running along at the rate of over \$10,000,000 a month for the army alone, and over \$5,000,000 a month for the navy. In addition, the capitalist class is paying out over \$10,000,000 a month for pensions. In the month of April, just closed, that class spent \$10,102,731 on the army, \$5,272,678 on the navy, \$10,106,912 on pensions and \$4,655,122 on interest on the national debt—\$30,227,443 for one month's present and past war expenses out of a total outlay for all the necessities of the government of \$41,668,245.

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MAY CELEBRATION

Social Democrats of Chicago Gather to Commemorate International Holiday—All Are Pleased

When the workers of the Social Democratic party in Chicago get together to hold a good time in merriment and jollity a good time is certain for everyone. For a few weeks past, under the direction of Comrade C. T. H. Westphal, chairman of the managing committee, and his excellent wife, some of the comrades on the city central committee have given much of their time to preparations for the May celebration, which was held at Brand's Hall last Sunday, May 12. It proved to be a success in every way and will furnish the city committee with funds to meet outstanding obligations. While the attendance was not as large as it should have been one could get lost in the crowd, and men, women and children from the early hours in the afternoon until midnight had the merriest time in the history of the party. To the few who contributed to the success of the occasion, including those who sold tickets, assisted at the hall and in various ways rendered valuable help, much credit is due. It was another demonstration of the vitality of the party organization in Chicago.

The program, which was greatly enjoyed, as evidenced by the fact that every number was received with rounds of applause and all, except the speeches, followed by an encore, is given below:

1. Piano Solo—Prof. Johannes Schulze
2. Recitation—"The Polish Boy"..... Miss Amelia Winnen
3. "Creole Love Song"..... Dudley Buck..... Prof. F. Finsterbach
4. Cornet Solo—"Sea Flower Polka"..... Mr. F. Jonas
5. Chorus—"Arbeiter, auf!"..... Liedertafel Einigkeit
6. Address..... Mr. Isador Laduff
7. Tableaux—"Life Under the Present System".....
8. Tableaux—"Life Under a Socialistic System".....
9. Recitation..... Miss Elizabeth Aldrich
10. Violin Solo—II. Mazurka, Wieniawski..... Mr. Ray G. Edwards
11. Chorus—"Fisherlied"..... Liedertafel Einigkeit
12. Song—"Will-o'-the-Wisp"..... Mr. A. S. Edwards
13. Chorus—"Heimweh," Abt..... Ladies' Sing'g Soc'y "Fortschritt"
14. Address..... Mr. Clarence S. Darrow

At the close of Mr. Darrow's remarks that gentleman introduced Mr. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, who spoke for a few minutes only, the people being anxious to start the dance, which they did about 9:30, and kept it going till 2 o'clock in the morning. During the dancing hours the vote was taken in the May Queen contest, in which there was great interest, and at midnight the result was announced, Miss Jennie Raible being honored with a majority of the votes. Amid the plaudits of all present the young lady, modest and graceful, was decked with an exquisite crown of delicate flowers and a few minutes before 2 o'clock the company dispersed, everyone more than pleased with the May celebration and declaring it a decided success. There was no disorder whatever and no police present.

FORT WAYNE

Splendid Results for the Social Democratic Party in Local Election—Great Increase in the Vote

Our election here is over with and my vote for mayor was 716. This is a handsome gain over last November—the total vote in the city at that time was 160. While it is not quite as large as we had anticipated, nevertheless we are well pleased. Both of the old political parties are surprised at our strength and our people realize that from henceforth the Social Democrats will have to be fought, because they alone are to be feared. This city is normally about 2,000 to 2,500 democratic, and while the papers of both old political parties carried on a sham battle between themselves, the real battle of the democratic candidate for mayor, Mr. Berghoff, was to stop the growth of our movement. Never to my knowledge did the Democrats work harder. Money was spent profusely, such as was never seen before, and all this to prevent the rise of our movement. There was no real fight against the Republican candidate. It was not necessary. The social Democrats were the trouble makers, and an unknown quantity. The Republican candidate was no factor in the fight at any time.

Comrade Martin, our candidate for city clerk, suffered a loss owing to a fight on city clerk between the two other candidates. M. H. Wefel.

The Vote in Detail

Wefel (for mayor).....	716
Martin (for city clerk).....	542
Councilmen:	
1st Ward—Heine.....	46
Brown.....	42
3rd Ward—Maxwell.....	39
Scott.....	33
4th Ward—O'Brien.....	62
Strasser.....	39
5th Ward—Stolte.....	53
Vieweger.....	51

6th Ward—Roll.....	57
Cohen.....	65
7th Ward—Watkinson.....	65
Marschall.....	62
8th Ward—Bewick.....	47
Hartman.....	43
9th Ward—Parsonson.....	45
Aschle.....	50
10th Ward—Brumhill.....	103
Utrecht.....	122

The total vote cast for mayor was 9,209.

ORGANIZATION FUND

Report of the Custodians on the Work Accomplished—A Word from National Organizer McSweeney

At the convention held January, 1901, there was pledged to the work of organization \$790.50. Comrades Elizabeth Thomas and Corinne S. Brown were chosen as custodians of the fund. Of the amount pledged \$339.75 has been received, leaving \$450.75 yet unpaid.

The National Committee elected Wm. J. McSweeney National Organizer in February, 1901, and he at once made a tour of eleven towns in Illinois, organizing branches in seven of them. On March 10 he started for Ft. Wayne, where a municipal campaign was on, made them a rousing speech and then worked his way southward in Indiana. He reached Cincinnati April 10, then made his way northward in Ohio and across the southern part of Michigan.

Seven locals were organized in Indiana, four in Ohio, and two in Michigan, making thirteen on his second trip, giving us a total of twenty branches in less than two and a half months.

Surely nothing can testify more certainly that the country is ripe for Socialism and our party than this record. A financial report is appended. The subscribers take great pride in our competent and conscientious organizer.

Elizabeth Thomas,
Corinne S. Brown,
Custodians Organization Fund.
May 13, 1901.

Financial Report

Received on account pledges at Convention \$339.75
Collection taken at Convention..... 13.80

Total..... \$353.55
Paid hall rent for Convention..... \$ 7.00
Neostyle..... 14.00
W. J. McSweeney..... 293.00

Total disbursements..... \$314.00
On hand..... 39.55
\$353.55

A Word from the National Organizer

As my comrades and many friends in the different towns and cities which I have visited as organizer of the Social Democratic party will be anxious to know what became of me after I left their town, I will say that I arrived in Chicago on the twenty-ninth of April, right side up as usual.

I spent two months traveling through Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, and am glad to say that a more successful trip could not be made by an organizer, as I organized nearly every town and city I visited. Of course, this great success at organizing is due to the valuable assistance given me by the comrades in the different towns.

I must say that the outlook for Socialism was never brighter than it is at present, as all the great powers of capitalism are being used to establish the co-operative commonwealth. The capitalistic or ruling class are nearer destruction than ever before. That is why we should all be interested in educating and organizing the wage slaves of this country into one solid class-conscious body that will be able to meet the enemy at the ballot box.

I wish it were possible for me to start out on a speaking or propaganda trip through the different towns that I have organized, and meet my old friends and comrades once more. I may do so in the near future. Before closing, let me say that if we stand together like men and all do what we can and show a bold and determined front to the enemy, the battle will soon be won.

W. J. McSweeney.

An order for "Merrie England" has been received from Long Island City, N. Y., with no name given. If the writer will forward his name the book will be sent.

In the municipal election at Baltimore, Md., the Social Democratic party in ten wards received 764 votes, against 619 last November in the twenty-four wards of the city.

In penitentiaries each inmate is known by his number. The same is true of workingmen in some of our great industrial plants.

A good habit to contract: To secure a new subscriber for the Herald each week of your life. So this and you will be surprised how much one man can do for Socialism.

THE HERALD FORUM

Read the following articles on the Social Democratic party in Chicago, and the Social Democratic party in general, and the Social Democratic party in the United States.

Against Religion in Communism

Permit me to reply to Comrade Jasen's criticism of Comrade Lador's article on the "Need of and Plea for Rationalistic Socialism."

Comrade Jasen says that "Socialism can very well afford to ignore many problems of life, especially the problem of religion." Under a Socialist government that position will no doubt obtain. But since religion is responsible for the present system of master and servant, the Socialist, in order to make converts, must convince servants that they will not offend God by wanting to be their own masters. And since the theory of a personal God is responsible for that class which claims to have been set apart or ordained by that personal God as the ruling class, it follows that the theory must be set aside before its accursed product can be done away with.

If it were true that God has ordained those to rule who are now in authority, then it would be disobedience toward God for us to want to set the rulers aside and be our own rulers. It is a historical fact that rulers have kept the people in submission by professing to have been chosen of God. And in order to get away from that power we must either obey God or hold that the claim to divine authority is false. The Bible given to us by the ruling class commands obedience to those in authority over us. If God ordered that, then we should obey; if God did not order it, then the command is a forgery. If that part of the Bible is a forgery, the rest of it may be a forgery. But what of God? "Who made who?" We do not know. And the only consistent position to take, and be reverent before the Creator, is that of the agnostic. We do not believe that any one ever received a commission from heaven to rule over his fellow men. We cannot be Socialists without opposing the theory of God-given authority to rule over men. Men may, and do, stay in the church and work for Socialism, but their Socialist work is opposed to the spirit of the church, which does not rely upon reason for its power, but upon what is claimed to be a divine originator.

In order to make Socialists we must convince men that the theory of divine authority to rule is false; and as to the future, we do not know. If the comrade wants to know by what authority I speak, it is by the authority of an unfettered mind, of a soul that is free.

W. E. Clark.

Look Out, Social Democrats

The greatest danger that confronts the people at the present time is from the so-called reforming class. They are very busy just now, as you will notice. They are not catering to the class conscious socialists; they don't pretend to reach the lover of liberty who demands the emancipation of the toiling masses, let the cost be what it may, as he realizes that liberty and justice are priceless.

I am sorry to say that a great many of our so-called socialists are caught by the reformers' claptrap. One man says he is a socialist, but believes he can get it through Bryan, who says he believes in capitalism. Another one says he is a socialist, but believes in Altgeld. Another says he is a socialist, but thinks we can get it through Tom Johnson. Another so-called socialist says that the man without a party at Toledo has the Simon-pure, unadulterated article.

There are even men who claim to be socialists and think they can get it through the much-talked of first principles of Bryan and Cleveland. They claim that those so-called principles would change this country from a heaven for the black-leg stock gambler to a Paradise where we would all have wings.

Just notice the amount of pretended abuse the capitalists' papers are heaping on the heads of those pretenders, whose real name is lick-split of capitalism, and how gracefully the reforming heroes are taking it all.

W. J. McSweeney.

The Social Democrats at Spring Valley last year elected an alderman from James Beattie's ward. This year they decided to make it two, which they succeeded in doing, and now there are two Social Democratic aldermen in the council. Comrade H. C. Perry received 206 votes for mayor, just doubling the vote of Comrade Beattie a year ago.

The candidates of the S. D. P. in the Clay City, Ind., local election polled twenty-one votes in a total of 288. The comrades are active and hopeful.

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